

The Bulletin Magazine

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FICTION *Magazine*



went softly to the bed. Eileen was there, sobbing in hopeless fashion.

Mrs. McCullough smoothed her daughter's hair.

"Your brother's wife Mary was here the day," she began. "The strange tales she brings of a lovers' quarrel twist you and young Morris."

"She lies!" said Eileen. "Twas no quarrel between us parted us."

"God forgive me putting that lie on Mary," said Mrs. McCullough; "and now out with the whole truth to your mother, my dear."

So Eileen sobbed out the entire tale and let her mother comfort her at the end of it, first with loving words, then with a cup of strong tea.

But Mrs. McCullough's warm heart was filled with hatred for Mrs. Rothschild, "the sordid heathen," yet what did she do one bright day a week after Eileen's confession but don her prettiest dress and the black bonnet with the one upstanding panny and seek out Mrs. Rothschild in her home.

Mrs. Rothschild opened the door to the ring. Mrs. McCullough walked in.

"I'm Mrs. McCullough," began that lady, "and it's on rather a cruel errand I come the day."

"Sit down," said Mrs. Rothschild uncompromisingly.

"The strange tales I hear of my daughter and your son," said Mrs. McCullough, taking a chair. "Strange tales, and it's woe to me!"

Mrs. Rothschild seated herself on the extreme edge of a couch.

"They see it no more of one another," said Mrs. Rothschild.

"That is your own imagination, Mrs. Rothschild. They do see one another, and as one mother to the next mother I've come to you. Your son—"

"What then is the matter with my son Morris? A fine boy, a good son—"

"Perhaps, but not good enough for my little Eileen. I do not think so; her brothers do not think so. I have come to you in candid feeling to help me separate the two, for 'tis sure I'd cry out my eyes should this unthinkable marriage occur!"

"And of my son you say he is not good enough for a Schlem?"

"That outlandish word is not to be understood by one educated in an Irish convent. 'Tis that I understand, despite your heathenish wig and your keeping unblest Saturday for holy Sunday, you'll help me get my daughter from out your son's claws." She leaned forward.

"'Tis a brave prince comes courtin' her the now, and diamonds and anies she may have, with a high place in society!"

"My Morrey," answered Mrs. Rothschild, "could marry Rosie Stein, of a fine dowry, a rare good girl, known for her golden fish."

"Oh, then, Mrs. Rothschild, let your printer son marry this fish girl! Thank God, you have a bride picked out for him. Many's the sleepless night I've passed fearing this luckless mating of my girl."

"With my Morris, your girl should think she has it a king!"

"Ah, 'tis the true mother you are," said Mrs. McCullough, smiling. "'Tis that you hide your disappointment in but a printer son." She rose, and her voice was silky with pity. "Is it then I may rest easy you will give your Morris to his fish-cooking Rosie, and so save my Eileen for the grand match?"

Outraged vanity, injured motherhood, desire to blast this hateful, crowing creature, displaced every other consideration in Mrs. Rothschild's breast! What words of scorn might have issued from her lips will never be known, for suddenly the front door was pushed open. In a

Jewish method of cooking.

moment there entered, glowing, Morris and Eileen.

"Mother!" Morris cried, "we are married; there is no more to be said."

With wonderful presence of mind Mrs. McCullough sprang forward, clasped her daughter to her, and wailed a banshee song.

"Oh, my child—my poor lost child!"

A look of triumph overspread Mrs. Rothschild's countenance. In a loud voice she broke into Mrs. McCullough's wailings.

"Eileen, who is it now my son's bride," she cried, "she is now made welcome in her true home!"

It was magnificent, that surrender, Mrs. McCullough released her daughter with a sigh that echoed through the room. Gladly she spoke.

"Any time, my little one," she murmured, "you wish to come to me, I stand awaiting you with open arms. Not one mean word, not one look across her nose, but come you home to me."

And on this Mrs. McCullough departed, her wicked old heart rejecting. She knew what she knew! Mrs. Rothschild must forever and a day go holding her cup very even.

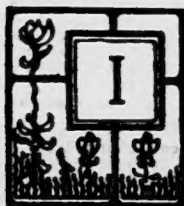
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THE GINHOULIAC HEIRLOOM

By Montague Glass

AUTHOR OF "MRS. BILLINGTON'S FIRST CASE," "FIRING MISS COHEN," ETC.

Illustrated by Ben Cohen



IT MUST be confessed that even as office boys go, Bonfortunato Tagliatela was by no means of engaging personality. He was short for his fourteen years, and a tumbled mop of

hair hung low over his eyes, with which he squinted horribly. Moreover, down his broad upper lip the objective symptoms of an acute coryza coursed unchecked, save when he ministered to them by a process of noisy inhalation.

So irritating was the sound that it moved easy going John Oakley to protestations of disgust.

"By George," he said to Freddy Farnival, "that office boy of yours is a freak! May I ask what on earth induced you to hire him?"

"You may," Freddy replied. "The sole consideration was that he's a member of the Benvenuto Cellini Circle of the Tasso Settlement on Mott street, at which your sister Mary is a worker."

"Quite so," Oakley commented; "but where's the connection?"

"Spoken like a brother!" said Freddy. "I suppose you don't know Mary is awfully down on me, and calls me one of the idle rich?"

"I do know it," Oakley replied. "Last night at dinner she said you were only playing at practicing law."

"Precisely," said Farnival; "and Taylor shall be the means of disillusioning her. He is under strict injunction to inform her, first, what a large and lucrative practice I'm acquiring, and, second, how by precept and example I'm making a man out of him."

He felt in his pockets for some cigarettes, and found none there.

"Taylor!" he called, and when Tagliatela appeared in response he threw the lad a quarter. "Get some cigarettes," he said; "the kind we're both partial to."

"You don't mean to say you feed him cigarettes?" said Oakley when the boy had gone.

"Not I!" Farnival answered. "He helps himself to 'em, together with what small change I may have, out of the pockets of my office coat, when I'm not here. Last week he developed a new trick. I found my library dwindling volume by volume. He sells 'em at a book shop on Ann street. I followed him there last Thursday, and arranged to have him paid a quarter apiece for reports and 30 cents for digests. Very decent fellow,

Ginhoulia made one fatal error. Had he adopted Freddy's methods toward Taylor he might not have lost out at the last moment

the proprietor. He turns 'em back to me at a nickel profit—and there you are."

"By Jove! What won't a fellow do when he's in love!" Oakley ejaculated.

"You're quite right," said Freddy; "but there are compensations. I've invited myself over to the Benvenuto Cellini Circle tonight, as Taylor's guest, and Mary will be there. Here he is now," he broke off suddenly. "Greetings, Taylor!"

The stunted youth entered, and, grinning sheepishly, deposited a package of cigarettes on the desk, from which Freddy took it.

"Cigarets used to come ten in a box," he said as he opened the package; "but—ha, as I thought, there are only nine here! The trusts again, Oakley—you can't beat 'em!"

THE Tasso Settlement on Mott street accomplished two results, neither of which was important from the standpoint of sociology. Imprimis, it provided Hector Ginhoulia, its founder and head worker, with a living; and, secondly, it catered to a laudable and charming taste for "social service" in various wealthy young spinsters. One of these Hector had marked for his own.

"What others have done I can do," he declared to himself; and when he reflected on the insignificant looking noblemen who had procured financial independence on the strength of family connections no better than his own, he gave his generous brown mustache an extra upward impetus and laid siege to the heart of Mary Oakley.

To that serious person there could be no comparison between Ginhoulia, the Milanese of French extraction, and Freddy Farnival, only heir-at-law of Farnival's Dry Soap and Magic Cleaner. Freddy's perennial flippancy served but to irritate Mary, who was nothing if not earnest of purpose, while the suave and polished Ginhoulia appealed strongly to her sense of dignity.

True, Ginhoulia had no money, and even made melancholy jest of his poverty to Mary.

"But you are rich in your life work," she would say.

Ginhoulia would answer with a resigned smile, induced, no doubt, by the aptness of Mary's observation. He would indeed be rich if his plans matured as he hoped. Moreover, he sincerely admired Mary. Her face was lovely rather than beautiful, and her large brown eyes, surmounted by a wealth of chestnut hair, seemed to reflect not only her own innocence but a consciousness of that of others toward her.

In most men her glance might well provoke a sense of their own unworthiness, but in Ginhoulia it aroused only self-congratulation. The proposition seemed delightfully easy save for one obstacle—namely, the cost of a suitable engagement ring; and this difficulty, to a person of Hector's ingenuity, might be readily overcome.

When Freddy entered the settlement-house on the Tuesday in question, in Mary's company, Ginhoulia felt no qualm. He greeted Miss Oakley effusively and acknowledged his introduction to Freddy with an obsequious but blended grace and dignity in just the right proportion.

"Assuredly," thought Freddy, "this is something to be kicked!"

"How d'ye do?" he said aloud. "Cold, isn't it?"

Ginhoulia agreed that it was "cold," and asked if Miss Oakley was to have the pleasure of demonstrating the settlement work to Mr. Farnival.

"Not exactly," Mary replied. "I met him by chance on the way over from the subway. He's here as a guest of one of the clubs."

"The Benvenuto Cellini Circle," Freddy broke in.

"Ah, so!" said Ginhoulia. "You pronounce the Italian good."

"At the invitation of my friend Bonfortunato Tagliatela," said Freddy, enunciating all the liquid syllables with practiced ease.

"Too bad!" Ginhoulia murmured. "Too bad!"

"He isn't sick, is he?" Mary asked sympathetically.

"Notta seek," said Ginhoulia. "A-oh, notta seek. I should be seek. He takes from my desk six of my cigars, and I find him smoking them in my office."

"I'm sorry to hear it," Freddy commented.

"It is no matter," Ginhoulia replied with a smile and a shrug. "I took him down to the street corner. He notta come back, I promise you!"

"Then Mr. Farnival is deprived of his host," said Mary.

"Notta so, notta so!" Ginhoulia broke in hurriedly. "Mine shall be the pleasure to act as host." He turned to Farnival. "And to show you how it is we uplift the poor foreign boy," he said with a fine sweep of his soft, white hand.

Freddy smiled at the involuntary humor of the head worker's phrase.

"Not with the foot," Ginhoulia hastened to add, "like that unfortunate Tagliatela. Bad manners we condone here, but dishonesty must be treated—must be treated, ah—"

"Summarily," Mary helped out.

Ginhoulia smiled his thanks with a dazzling show of regular, white teeth.

"Just so," he murmured. "My English is a little difficult at times, but with Moses Oakley to help me, I become like—how shall I say it?—like another Shakespeare!"

At the compliment a faint shade of pink came over Mary's pale features, not unnoticed by Freddy, whose mental attitude at the time might well have been translated by a low whistle. For the rest of the evening he watched Miss Oakley and the head worker closely, with a net result of six hand clasps, and six resulting blushes from Mary, intermingled with a multitude of dazzling smiles from Ginhoulia.

Altogether Freddy spent an evening fraught more with surprise than amusement; and at its close, when he escorted Mary to the subway, he found his fund of small talk somewhat depleted.

GINHOULIA'S a pretty good sort," he said at length; "that is, for a dago."

"A dago!" Mary exclaimed. "Freddy Farnival, I beg of you—"

"That's all right," Freddy explained. "He is a dago, isn't he? That's the popular name for an Italian, just as Yank is for a down easter. I'm a Yank, you know, and you can call me one if you want to."

"I might be justified in calling you any."

ON THE HENRY BUCK

By Frederick R. Bechdolt

CO-AUTHOR OF "BOSS"

Illustrated by F. McAnelly



ALTHOUGH Lighthouse Tom kept a saloon in the Street of Foreign Parts and also had attained the dignity of being a grandfather, the sea still claimed him as one of her rough children.

Like the roaring customers who banged his bar with iron knuckles, he could not stay away from his old foster-mother. I found him putting on his coat when I dropped in one afternoon.

"Ye're in time fer a walk," said he. "I'm going to take a turn about the city front."

A grizzled ex-skipper, who was always sitting somewhere about the place, took charge, and we went out together. It was one of those rare drowsy days when the sun shines on San Francisco Bay and there is no breeze to speak of. The Street of Foreign Parts was somnolent; we passed windows which bore the names of distant ports. We turned the corner and walked down to East street. Crossing that busy thoroughfare, we made our way to the wharves.

Bowsprits reached out over our heads as we walked; riggers worked far above us, clinging to dizzy perches; the smell of brine and barnacles and decaying plies was in our nostrils. The craft of the seven seas lay in the slips; slender, tall-masted schooners redolent with the odor of Puget Sound lumber; tramp steamships with hulls of red and black; two old wooden ships with painted ports; a dainty French bark over whose rail leaned a sailor in a red yarn cap; white transports taking on cargo for the Philippines, and stern-wheeled steamers discharging loads of produce from the banks of inland rivers.

A rick-rack of tugs and launches were moving in and out among all these big sisters of theirs. Out in the stream a battleship lay moored to a buoy. Near by a dingy whaler swung at anchor; she was somber, sinister in color and line; her whole appearance was forbidding; a grim ship, and she seemed to say that she had seen much evil.

"She'll sail tomorrow," said Lighthouse Tom. "God help her crew." He gave her a long look and swore under his breath. His eyes hung on her, and hate was in them. A silver-haired giant, he had now no kindness about him; he was again the man of action; and hot passions flamed within him. In a moment it was past, and we found a sunny nook on a long dock, with the warehouse behind us and the bay in front. We sat down, and Lighthouse Tom filled his black clay pipe.

THE salt water pulls me down here," he said at length. "I'm getting old, but I can't stay away." He sniffed the air and forgot to light up. As if he could not resist the grip of his former calling, he fell to comment on some of the vessels that lay close by. When he had run on for some time he lighted the tobacco and smoked in silence.

A young fellow had been loafing aimlessly about the dock. The peculiar dejection of his attitude and the ill set of his worn clothes told their story plainly enough. He was one of those whom the city had lured from afar and he had found the promises empty. His face was pinched.

While Lighthouse Tom was smoking a man came up to this loiterer. He, too, was unmistakable; you can find his type on any crowded water front, never working, always prowling about, and usually in some sailors' saloon. In the old days of the crimps and boarding-houses they were more numerous and sleeker; now they often fetch up in police court with a charge of larceny against them. The pair talked for a moment. I saw Light-

house Tom glance that way and stiffen. The pinched youth was shaking his head emphatically; the other man departed.

"Foxy boy," said Lighthouse Tom, and chuckled; he raised his voice. "Come over here, mate."

The boy looked our way, hesitated, and in the end came.

"What sort of a job did he offer ye?" demanded Lighthouse Tom.

The other gave one suspicious glance, and then, as if reassured by the face of his questioner, smiled wanly.

"He said he wanted men for a big tramp steamer that was going to Seattle," said he; "and that there was lots of work up that way. It didn't look good to me."

Lighthouse Tom was fumbling in his trousers pockets. He brought forth a dollar and a half dollar.

HERE," said he. "Up on Market street, a matter of five blocks, there is an employment agency. Ye can get a job there fer the dollar; the rest will stake ye fer a bed and meal. Ye'll do well to steer clear of the city front when the whalers is in port."

When the boy had got over his astonishment and had departed, Lighthouse Tom nodded to my look of inquiry.

"That 'big tramp steamer' is the whaler out there in the stream," said he; "and Puget Sound would be two years in the Arctic fer that lad."

I said something about thinking that shanghaiing was done with, since the sailors' union had managed to get recent legislation.

"It never will be with the whalers," He cursed them again, and his clear old eyes flamed as he looked out at the somber vessel in the stream. "I get savage when I think of them," said he. "The men's hearts that has been broke aboard of them! I know. No man knows better. Did I ever tell ye how I got my dose of whaling?"

The sun was warm and we had an hour or more of basking ahead of us. I begged him for the yarn; and he launched into it with more profanity. There was no doubt that every oath came from his heart.

"Ye see," he explained, "I'd been shanghai'd two times before. I told ye of one of them; the other was when I was a dip of a lad and it didn't count. One ship was the same as another, in them days, and the sea was the best place fer me. But this was after I had married and settled down, and I had it in mind never to go to sea ag'in."

"Ye remember how I stole the missus from old Pedro, her father, when Big Joe was about to marry her? And ye mind how old Mother Martin helped me and give me \$75 advance money for the v'y'ge. 'Twas enough fer any man to make his start with. But a sailor is in a hard way ashore, and I had been to sea ever since I was a kid. 'Twas all I knowed, ever since I had cast loose from the old man in Dublin, 11 years old. Cabin boy and able-bodied seaman and fisherman; that was what I had behind me. I was lost now. Me and the lass left Mother Martin's boarding-house and found a little shack on the side of Rincon Hill. I started out to look fer a job. To this day when I see a lad a-castin' his eye around fer work and gettin' none my heart goes out to him. There's nawthin' makes a man feel so down and out as getting turned away."

"I got it. Every day I got it. I had no trade; I did not know the ways of the land; I was as helpless as a ship aground on a lee shore. The worst of it was a-come home to Annette. She could talk next to no English, and I could not lay my tongue to Portugese. All I could do when I come in with the soles of me feet all blistered from walking and my heart as heavy as a ship's lead, was to shake my head at her. And then she would smile up at me as much as to say, 'Fair weather ahead, lad,' and she would kiss me, and we would set down and eat what she had cooked up fer me. She learned her first English during them days. Enough to tell me one night that the baby was a-come."

"That made me savage. No money in the locker now, and she in the biggest need that she had ever been in. Old Pedro was still sore at her for slipping her cable and getting spliced to me, when he had it all laid out for Big Joe. He would not come anigh us and he would have laughed if he had knowed the case that we was in."

"Well, I made much over her that night, and I talked about the boy. For a boy it was to be; I was dead set on it. 'Boy,' says I over and over to her; and she says 'Boy' back to me. But when I come to take thought of it afterward I was not so sure that she meant the word. I laid awake long after she had gone to sleep alongside of me, and the more I thought, the savier I got. At last I dropped off, and the next morning she sung out, 'All hands' to me. The first thing that come into me head was what she had told me. I had good reason to hustle now."

"Well, I went down to East street, and it seemed like every man I laid my eyes on was either working or going to his job with his dinner bucket in his fist. And I had no job. All the time I had the lass in mind; and I have knowed ever since that mornin' the feeling of being a thief."

"I tell ye, lad, I seen men with the money a-jingling in their pockets, and it made my heart go black inside of me. And if it had been night then I would of taken a chanst, the same as many a poor devil has done before and since. I was beating about the city front, trying the best I knowed how to lay out some new course to steer by, and me head was spinning with the things that was a-running through it, when I run afoul of Big Joe."

"I had not cast my eyes on him since I smashed his face in front of old Pedro's second-hand store and made off with Annette, when he was a-going for to marry her himself. I told ye he was bully of the Comax Bunkers gang. He come now along with a half a dozen of them big coal heavers. They was in their dongarees and undershirts, and their faces was black from the work. No sooner did I clap eyes on them than Big Joe sighted me. He come bows on."

NOW, what with the trouble I was in and the way I felt to all men, I was a-looking for the worst of it anyways. It sort of made me feel good to see him, too; fer I figured it that I could hammer hell out of him and one or two of his mates before they got me down. I squared away like.

"But he grinned like a jack lantern and stuck out his big black paw. 'Lighthouse Tom,' says he, 'how are ye anny-how?' For a matter of a minute I did

not get my bearin'a, and he sung out, 'What! Are ye sore yet? Mate,' says he, 'this here is the bully that trimmed me, the one I told ye about.' The gang of them come crowding up with the whites of their eyes a-rollin'. 'How is the missus?' says he. 'By God, ye have a good woman, Lighthouse Tom.' I gripped him by the hand then. Damned if he didn't tell the rest of them about our fight ag'in, and their eyes hung out like I was some curio. 'And,' says he, 'the best man got her. Come on,' says he, 'and have a drink with us.'

"We went to a saloon across the way, and Big Joe asked me how I was a-making it. I told him I was a-casting about fer some sort of a job. 'Ye come along with me,' says he. 'Ye can learn to swing a scoop. I'll get ye on this afternoon.'

"That took all the wind out of my sails. It had been that hard weather, and here come a line from a quarter I had never looked to. I told him as much. He laughed down at me—fer big as I was then, he was half a head the loftier—and says he 'Better for the lass she come to ye. I like me liquor and me bulldog too well to make fast with a woman. I know it, if I didn't know it then. Ye fought me fer her and ye won, Lighthouse Tom. And I have lost too many bets on Sunday coursin' races to raise a roar when all was fair and above board,' says he. 'We'll make fer the bunkers now; the timekeeper is there.'

"So that afternoon I shoveled coal under the hatchway of a big belled tramp along with Big Joe and twenty other black, hairy, sweatin' devils. In a fog of black dust, and work like I had never seen before. It got me, too; I near te went under. But Big Joe was me friend and the gang give me all the best of it. I have seen many a new hand come to one of them colliers sence, and get the heavy end; and I learned then what luck I had been in. 'Tis all in the knack of it, and soon I got so that I could swing my scoop and trim my pile all proper and stand up to it with the best of them. But this was later on."

THAT night I come home to Annette as black as Big Joe; and my pins was a shaking under me with what I had done. But I had six hours' time in, and that meant \$3 earned. I left a black mark where I kissed her. And when I had sluiced off the dust and eat me supper we sat and talked together in the kitchen. I fell to sleep in me chair, a-teaching of her to say 'Michael.' That was to be the boy's name, fer 'twas me father's, and I liked it.

"Every evenin' after that I used to get there in the kitchen a-teachin' of her English. And there was no evenin' when she would not look up at me and say 'Michael,' and then come over to me and set on my lap and kiss me. Ah, lad! Them was the days, even if we was poor enough. The hard weather we had been through made this seem like a quiet harbor."

"Sometimes I would not come home until midnight or after. That was in the beginning of the winter, when the colliers was comin' into port every day or two, and the gang used to be working overtime. Six bits an hour fer that, and God knows we 'arned it, too. When we knocked off the balance of them would head fer the saloons; and on Sundays they would gamble away their wages on the coursin' races or backing Big Joe's bulldog ag'in a pit dog from up in the Mission."

"But I had none of that. I took me money home to the lass, and she stowed it away in the locker ag'in the boy that was to come. I would be making me way from the city front when it was dark and raining; and I would see nothing nor feel aught of the wind and wet fer thinking of her a-waiting there fer me. Proud we two was; and foolish with

DEEP LAID PLOTS

By Emily Calvin Blake

Illustrated by Ben Bethell



ILEEN'S mother was a picturesque Irish woman who loved her daughter with passion and understanding, and who wanted the girl to marry where her fancy listed, for in love

she believed with all her heart.

Morris' mother was a dramatic, strong-hearted Jewish woman who worshipped her son and wished him to marry as befitted both her and him, inside his own race. Love was not so important.

Still, the marriage of Morris and Eileen, hastily entered into, turned out very well, one reason being, Mrs. McCullough privately thought, because Mrs. Rothschild had to walk carefully, holding her cup very straight.

As for Mrs. Rothschild, it must be said of her that she always treated her gentle daughter-in-law with courtesy and, in time, true affection. She had one strange habit. Whenever Eileen visited her own mother, she always found some unlooked-for luxury awaiting her on her return home, quite as though Mrs. Rothschild was in rivalry with something she feared.

This is the story:

Eileen saw Morris first. She had eaten her lunch in the candy factory and had gone outdoors for a breath of hot summer air. Morris Rothschild stood on the edge of the sidewalk across the street. He was a printer in the great Harmony shops, and he, too, had come forth for fresh air.

When he saw Eileen he quite forgot his mother's frequent admonition to look first at a girl's baking board and judge as to her housekeeping qualities. Indeed, as he soon discovered, Eileen had little knowledge of baking boards, since her days were spent in the candy factory dipping fondant into pots of black chocolate and her evenings given over to devoted admirers.

After a moment, as he watched, Eileen put her arm about the waist of a girl standing near her, and together they walked down the street. Morris took in every detail. He noticed that Eileen's dress was a one-piece black jersey, which revealed her young figure in all its ripeness. Her head was bare, and her black hair was looped like velvet earmuffs at each side of her face. Morris caught a flash of blue-black eyes with curling, black lashes, and he was quite done for.

The next day at the same hour Morris stood at the edge of the sidewalk. He was smoking a short, black pipe, but as Eileen approached, this time alone, he emptied the bowl on the back of his hand, blew the ashes to the four winds, and as the girl neared him turned and with a little hesitancy walked by her side.

"You're pretty cheeky," commented Eileen, and there was the faintest trace of brogue in her rich voice. "I don't know you."

"Don't you want to?" he answered. His words were clean cut. He had been born in America just after his parents had come from Ratzky, in Poland, but Eileen had known Irish sod till she was 6 years old, in truth.

"I might, and you gave me time to think about it," she answered with an independent toss of her dark head. Her eyes had a mischievous, come-on expression as they danced up at him. She met all his pulses hammering. And she felt at once her power over this great giant of a lad, and she rejoiced, because she saw also that, despite his masterful air, he was a bit shy and would hold himself well in hand.

"I'll give you plenty of occasion to know me," he said. "My name is Morris

Eileen and Morris had their minds made up, but it took some Irish camouflage to bring Mrs. Rothschild into line with the rest

Rothschild, and I'll be at the edge of the sidewalk every noon the whistle blows."

"And by every token you believe I'll be there, too," she flung back at him.

"I don't see why you should be so stand-offish," he replied; "I'd like to take you about a bit. I belong to a lodge that gives a dance every once in a while, and I thought maybe you'd go with me."

"We'll see about all

her cruel withholding of herself, and it being a glorious summer day, that set the blood tingling in his veins, he slipped his arm into hers, thrilled as her body touched his, and invited her to have an ice cream soda at the Greek's, near by. Before they parted she had promised



"I might and you gave me time to think about it," she answered.

that," she answered him; "I must be getting back now."

Morris worked and sang under his breath all that afternoon. He thought of Eileen's short steps adapting themselves to his longer ones, her dark blue eyes with the curling lashes. He liked her little, smart, clipped accent, too, though he wondered why she wasn't more Americanized in her speech. He prided himself on being a thorough American. But he liked any difference that marked Eileen from the other girls of his acquaintance.

EILEEN didn't emerge from the factory at the noon hour next day, nor the day after, but on a Friday she rewarded him for his waiting. He was so glad to see her that he forgot to reproach her for

to go with him to a dance given by his lodge on Saturday night.

"It'll be dressy, won't it?" she asked as she was leaving him.

"Oh, you can wear anything and look nice," he said. "Most of the girls wear white or gay colors and some lace."

Eileen worked overtime in the candy factory so she might achieve a handsome dress. She was very conscientious about using any of her mother's little patrimony. Mrs. McCullough right willingly helped her. Being Irish, romance was always hot in her blood, and vicariously she lived Eileen's love affairs.

They achieved a miracle on small outlay. A white net dress with coral ribbons cleverly adjusted here and there. A coral smock for the black hair and white

sat in slippers; crowning piece, a silver scarf.

Morris called in due form on Saturday evening. Proudly Eileen introduced him to her mother. There was a magnetism about him that found its way to all women's hearts. Mrs. McCullough smiled up at him. She hoped Eileen would marry him. His race, she had always heard, took good care of its women.

Morris and Eileen went out into the summer night. Eileen wore over the net dress a long capelike coat that had been her mother's when she had lived in the north of Ireland and had many awnins. The silver scarf was flung over her head. Morris thought her the most exquisite being his eyes had ever rested upon.

They walked the length of two blocks, found a street car, rode half a mile, descended at the lodge hall. It was above a grocery store, and Morris carefully helped Eileen up the short flight of stairs. Morris deeply in love, she yielding her heart as well she knew, but keeping her pride ever ready.

The hall was decorated handsomely with flowers and flags, but the delicate fragrance of the flowers was not sufficient to deaden completely the odor of wilted vegetables.

Eileen, however, not too critical, went into the ladies' waiting-room, removed her cape and lace hood, smoothed her hair, powdered copiously, touched her blue-black eyes at their corners, and was glad Morris had achieved a dress suit, rented, she supposed, for the occasion.

MORRIS waited anxiously for her just outside the dressing-room. Strains of music came floating to them.

"My, but you're sweet!" he cried; "I like white touched up with pink."

"Coral," she corrected him. Then she flushed and turned her eyes up full at him, just now full of teasing light.

"Come on," he said; "I've got to introduce you, though I hate to!"

"Well, if that's the way you feel, what did you ask me for?"

This was her idea of coquetry, and his, too, for he smiled back at her and slipped his arms through hers, holding her close.

"You know what I asked you for, all right," he said meaningly.

In the hall he introduced her about, and it pleased his pride mightily that she at once "made a hit" with his fellow men.

A two-step started before there was time for any others to ask Eileen's favors, and Morris put his arm about her slim waist and they danced away together.

The floor was humpy and rough in spots, and the music a bit off-key, but to Eileen and to Morris there lacked nothing to mar the perfection of the hour.

"You're a fairy dancer," he told her when the music stopped.

"You're not so bad yourself," she answered. And then there came a dozen others to Eileen's shrine. After a time she walked gravely through the grand march with Morris, and when she received her program it was filled in a few moments.

"Such a little queen!" said Morris proudly.

Eileen believed she would never forget the joy of that evening. Morris loving, Morris jealous, Morris masterful, all his moods kept her in a heaven of delight. This young printer had put a mark upon her as had no other man.

At midnight they donned their outside wraps and went down the stairs together and stood under the stars. Eileen was entrancing, the white, sparkling shawl over her hair, the dark cape hanging from her shoulders.

"If we leave now," said Morris, "we can walk home, and it won't be so late."

Eileen nodded.

"I'll have to run back and change my

fringe. His black arms was bare and he was in his shirt and dongarees. He had a big belt and a long revolver slung alongside of him. He used to wear that gear to scare the new hands, and he looked fierce enough in it, too. But the minute me eyes lit on him I felt the blood a-choking in me neck. I made a leap for him.

"He had no time to get that gun if he had a mind to. I do not think he so much as tried. I was on him with me two hands about his throat. We went to the deck together. I sunk me fingers in and felt his pipes give and give. And then the others came—two from aft and four or five harpooners and boatmen—and pried me off. They dragged me to the skipper and he had them spreadeagle me on the forward hatch.

"They laid me flat and pulled my arms and legs as far as they would go, and triced me there all hard and fast, so that I could not stir an inch. The burning in me joints was like red-hot fire. My face was up, a-looking at the sky. And Lily Brown come and leaned over me and spit on me as I laid there. All day and all night they kept me there. I thought that I had died with the last thing I knowed, that black mongrel cursing me, and me heart a-busting inside of me for the thinking of Annette. Well, I come to in the forecabin, stowed away in me bunk. And from that day I was a good dog.

♦ ♦ ♦
YESSEE, it was this way: When I come to meelf I was alone down there, and I got time for thought. I knowed what I was up against. And says I to meelf, 'I will hide me time and see whether there is God. There is the lass to get back to and there is Lily Brown to kill with me two hands. And the way's not done with yet. I will wait and I will find out.'

Lighthouse Tom groped in his pockets and hauled forth his tobacco. He filled up his pipe, lighted it and smoked for a minute. It seemed to calm him, for his face became placid and he said, as if it were to himself, "Ah, well, 'twas many years ago." Then he resumed his yarn.

"The old Henry Buck was a slow tub enough, and there was no hurry any-ways, for the ice was hardly due to be out of Behring Sea at the best ye could put it. So we loafed along under sail with the engines idle. I counted the days until Michael was due to be a-coming into port. It was hard, hard! Sometimes I had to fight meelf to keep me hands down to me sides and say, 'Aye, aye, sir,' when Lily Brown was a-handling me the rough side of his dirty tongue. And I had to look down on the deck lest he should see what was in me heart. But I done it. They got it into their heads that I was broke. And then, ye see, I was a good able-bodied seaman, which the rest of that crew was not by a long ways.

"Well, Behring Sea was full of ice. And we put back to Dutch Harbor to stand by for the breaking. Since the day we made for that port I have been what ye might call a Christian. That is to say, I have always knowed that there is God.

"Ye see, Dutch Harbor was the last of the world in them days. Chances was after that a whaler would see no other port unless it might be some out of the way station. And hell would really begin. So I give up an idea that had come into me head of making a run for Lily Brown and taking him overboard with me. I would of done it, too, if we had not put back. I was in a bad way; I had got to talking to meelf, so that I had to keep a weather eye out, for fear they would catch me at it and hear what I was a-saying.

"We made Dutch Harbor in the night time. Mornin' come with us at anchor. A lot of mountains shuts the place in; they come right down to the water's edge. I was on deck near the rail a-looking at the tops of them, when here come the old Fremont a-racing by. She was the fastest schooner in the fishing fleet in them days. She had left Frisco long behind us and had caught up easy

enough. She come so close that I could of throwed a stone from our deck to her. And there, up for'ard, was Olaf Hansen and Shrivel-Head Pete, the same two that I had took drink with in the Belle of Shandon that afternoon before Lily Brown laid me by the heels.

"We three looked into each other's faces; and I seen them grab hold of each other's arms. But that was all. I made no sign and they made none. I turned as if there had been nothing in the wind at all, and Lily Brown was right behind me. He was all rigged out in that there pirate gear of his, with his six-shooter in his belt.

"'Know that craft?' says he.

"I had better sense than to lie, for all hands knowed I was an old seaman on this coast. So I says, 'Sure, I sailed on her once years ago.'

"'Who was them men on deck?' says he.

"'Couldn't tell ye, sir,' says I; 'men has changed since I was to sea last.'

"He grunted something; then he started away. In a minute he came back ag'in.

"'Get below,' says he, 'and don't show yer face on deck unless ye're called!'

"'Aye, aye, sir,' says I. If he had give me orders then to lick off his boots I would of done it, and shipshape, too. Ye may lay to that, lad.

"I went below. I laid down in me bunk and put me poor head to figuring it out. 'Twas plain as a map. The whole crew of the Fremont would know now that I had been shanghaied on the old Henry Buck. For hadn't I told Olaf Hansen and Shrivel-Head Pete about the lay of the land, ye see? And back in port the lass, according to the reckoning I was a-keeping, was a month from the day when there would be two of them there, a-standing by fer me.

"That poor, rotten bunch that we called our crew was all a-whispering together. I knowed that they had something on, but I paid no heed to that until one of them came over to my bunk. He was a one-eyed hoodlum from down in Butchertown, that had shipped of his own free will, because he had San Quentin a-waiting for him if he stayed ashore. Says he, 'Mate,' says he, 'there's a steamer in the harbor.' I knowed then that it must be the Dora or the Bertha, for they was a-making them westward ports then. 'She will be a-sailing sometime in the night,' says he. 'Are ye game fer to go with us? We'll make a rush for the two men on watch and get a boat overboard,' says he; 'and we'll board her and tell our story.'

"I told him that it would only land them back on the Henry Buck in irons. He went away. They had more talk together, and I seed how they was arguing of it out among themselves. And at last they seemed to give it up. In the afternoon six of them started ag'in. And the one-eyed hoodlum come over to me once more. This time they had it laid out to get the boat and make a try for the land and the mountains. 'Any place,' says he, 'is better than this hell's hole.' But I shook me head and told him it was no use, and I was done with all that sort of thing.

"So the forecabin was lonesome enough that evening, for they all held away from me more than ever they had and whispered amongst themselves. And all the time I was a-lying there a-wondering how the play would come up fer me and when it might come, anyhow.

♦ ♦ ♦
THE best I could figure it was this: They would be a-standing by on the Fremont, and some of them was bound to be pretty close by midnight. If I got no hail in any fashion from them, and nothin' come, I could slip on deck then and make a run and a jump fer it over the side. I was a good swimmer, and chances was there would be a dory a-waiting for me to take me on.

"Well, midnight drawled along and I begun to wonder whether maybe I hadn't better be thinking of stirring, when I

heard some of them poor devils begin to move in their bunks. I seen six of them slip out and come together; and I made out how they was all dressed but in their socks. While they was bunched I see the shine of a knife in the hand of the one-eyed hoodlum that had had the talk with me. It come to me mind that maybe they might stick me to keep me quiet. But even while I was a-thinking of that they begun to make fer the companionway. One of the bunch went on ahead; and the rest waited until he come a-crawling back. Then all six went up together, bent over and easy on their feet as tomatoes.

"I waited and did not move. Pretty quick there come a scuffin' noise on deck. And that was all. It seemed like a year, and then there came a bump. Says I to meelf, 'They've got Lily Brown;' and I felt like I had been cheated. And just as I was a-thinking there come a long, horrid screech; and hard on that the racket of a boat being lowered away.

"It didn't take long fer the pounding of the boots from aft. 'All hands on deck!' sings out a voice. 'Twas Lily Brown. I cracked my head ag'in a timber a-tumbling up. And no sooner had I hit the planks above when a yell sounded from alongside. 'Twas men in sore distress, too. Just then I stubbed me toe on something soft. I looked down and I see the third mate sprawled out flat. I slipped in the blood that was all over everything and capsized alongside of him. As I was a-rightin' meelf that yell come ag'in from the water. I knowed what it was. They had pulled the boat plugs while they was in port; and them poor devils was a-drowning alongside of the Henry Buck.

"I made a run fer the rail, and I got the noise of oars hard by. That would be the Fremont's dory. I knowed that. Lily Brown and four others was a-cussing the air blue making ready to lower away another boat. I knew what I had to do. I whirled where I was a-standing and made that blue-eyed nigger in two jumps. I swung one and then two, and he went to the deck like a log of wood. And now there was no time to waste. Down in Frisco the lass was a-waiting; and here was the Fremont's dory a-coming on the jump. I only took a second to put me boots into that mongrel face and spile it worse than ever it had been spiled in the making. And then I went over the rail while two harpooners was about to lay hands on me.

♦ ♦ ♦
WHEN I come up—I took two minutes fer it, for I was in all the clothes—Olaf Hansen had me by the collar. I got the gunwale and yelled for them to give 'way. And round about the air was full of the hollaring of them drowning men. I tumbled in; and right astern the Henry Buck's boat was a-rattling down. The byes in the dory made the oars crack, and a shot came after us when they was bending fer the third stroke. Dutch Harbor was as noisy as one of them East street saloons when a battleship is in port, and the men ashore with three months' pay. I heard afterwards as how they got all their hands back only one, the hoodlum from Butchertown, and he was better off as it was, what with prison behind him and the Arctic ahead.

"Shrivel-Head Pete was a-grinning at me when I righted meelf in the dory. He told me how they had been a-standing by for a matter of two hours; and was laying it out to make up a boarding party if I did not show my head. All the time the other boys was pulling fit to kill. We went right on past the Fremont.

"The Bertha sails in the half hour,' says Shrivel-Head; 'we fixed it with the man on the dock. They will stow ye away in the fireroom.'

"And so they did. I was a-drying out when the Henry Buck's skipper come aboard of the Bertha; but he did not make a search, for they give him a game of talk on deck that sent him back to the Fremont. Inside of an hour we was outside of Dutch Harbor.

"Well, there was a whole string of little half-way ports to make, and the Bertha was no ocean greyhound, any-how. So we took a matter of three weeks, and more before we entered Puget Sound. I had to loaf about Seattle for another two days, a-waiting for the sailing of a Frisco boat. I worked me passage down in the fireroom, and one mornin' I walked down the gangplank to the wharf over there. 'Twas a lumber carrier I had come in, and she had a good sized cargo, too. What's more, we met head winds and a heavy sea. So me month was up that I had figured that evenin' before I cleared the Henry Buck's rail.

♦ ♦ ♦
LAD, I made for Rincon Hill with all sail on and a fair wind. I do not call to mind one thing from the dock to the shack where I had left the lass, only that I had collisions with two or three that was slow in getting across me bows; and a cop was set on taking me to the station fer a crazy man. I come to the place at last. I went up to the door on a run, all out of wind. Mother Martin opened it to me face.

"'So,' says she, 'ye're back in port. 'Tis time! Where have ye been a-keepin' of yerself, and what have ye to say?' says she.

"She was as ugly as a fighting bulldog, but it was only the way of her, for she knowed that I had been in a hard fix. 'Twas all over East street how I had been shanghaied on the Henry Buck three days arter we had sailed. Well, I made shift to tell her as fast as I could how I had got back.

"The lass,' says she, 'is all snug and in good trim. As good as ye could look fer. The baby come last night.'

"Leave me in,' says I. 'Gangway, quick!'

"'Aisy,' says she. 'Ye're not on the Henry Buck now, lad. Yer wife is got to be give word first. Stand by and I'll be out directly.'

"I cooled me heels on the doorstep until I was well-nigh crazy. She come out with her skinny old finger on her lip.

"Take off yer boots,' says she. 'And make a try to tread light.'

"I stripped them off and follied her inside. The lass was a-lying in her bed. She was main weak, of course; and I went alongside of her on me knees. We had our word or two together and then she give me a queer look, half scared, half proud like. And Mother Martin come slipping in behind me with the baby in her arms.

"'Michael,' says I, and come to my feet a-grinning with the pride that was a-busting in me.

"'Michael nawthing!' says Mother Martin. 'That's no name fer a girl.'

"And so it was; and as fine a one as ye ever clapped eyes on. I stood there a-looking, and old Mother Martin give me signals with her eyes to take notice of the missus.

"She was a-lying there, a-looking like she was waiting fer some sort of a word from me. And I seen it ag'in in them big eyes of hers, like she was in a way scared along with all the proudness that was in her. And I remembered how I had made her say 'Michael' after me. And I felt like a fool; for here I was with a lass instid of a bye, and glad of it. And so I told her, and she begun to cry then. For ye see, lad, she was main weary with it all."

Lighthouse Tom pulled at the tobacco and said nothing for a minute or two. At length:

"It was two year before Michael did come. Ah, well. And now I'm a grandfather. A man grows old. He does."

Company Blameless

Employee—Sir, I would respectfully ask you for an increase of salary; I have got married lately.

Manager—Very sorry, Henry, but the company is not responsible for any accident that happens to its employees when off duty.